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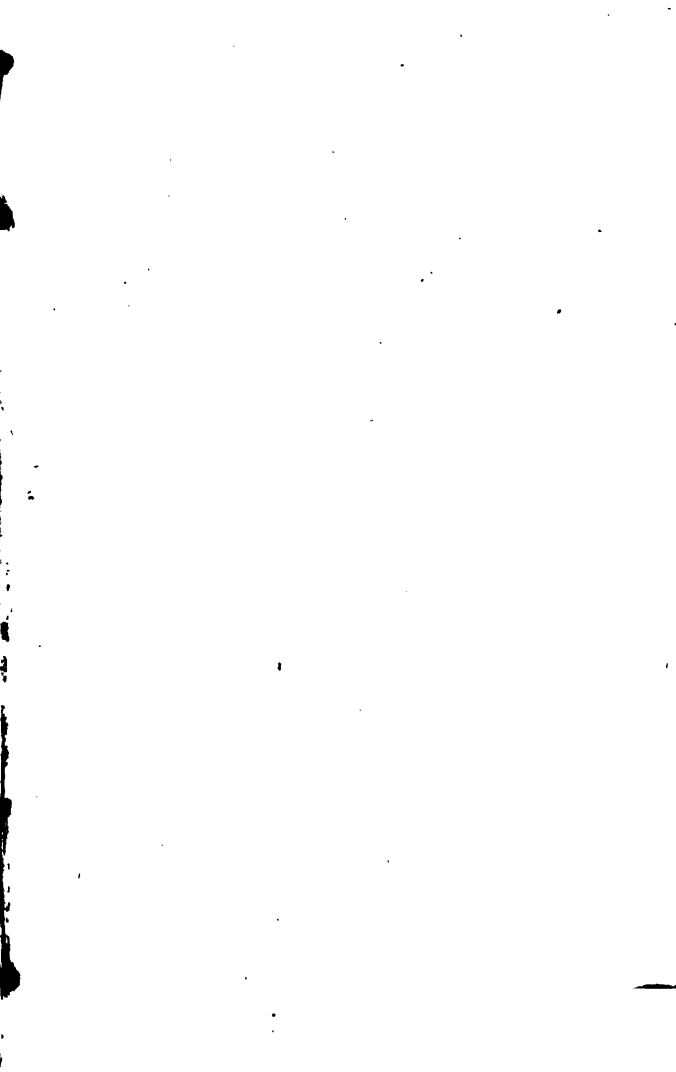
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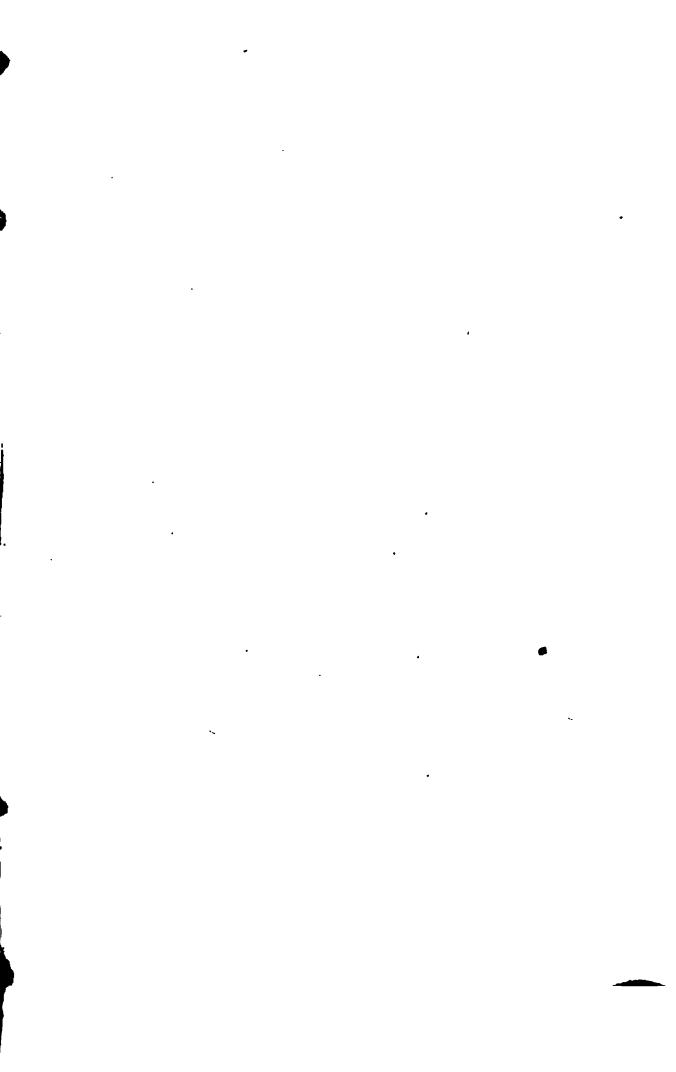


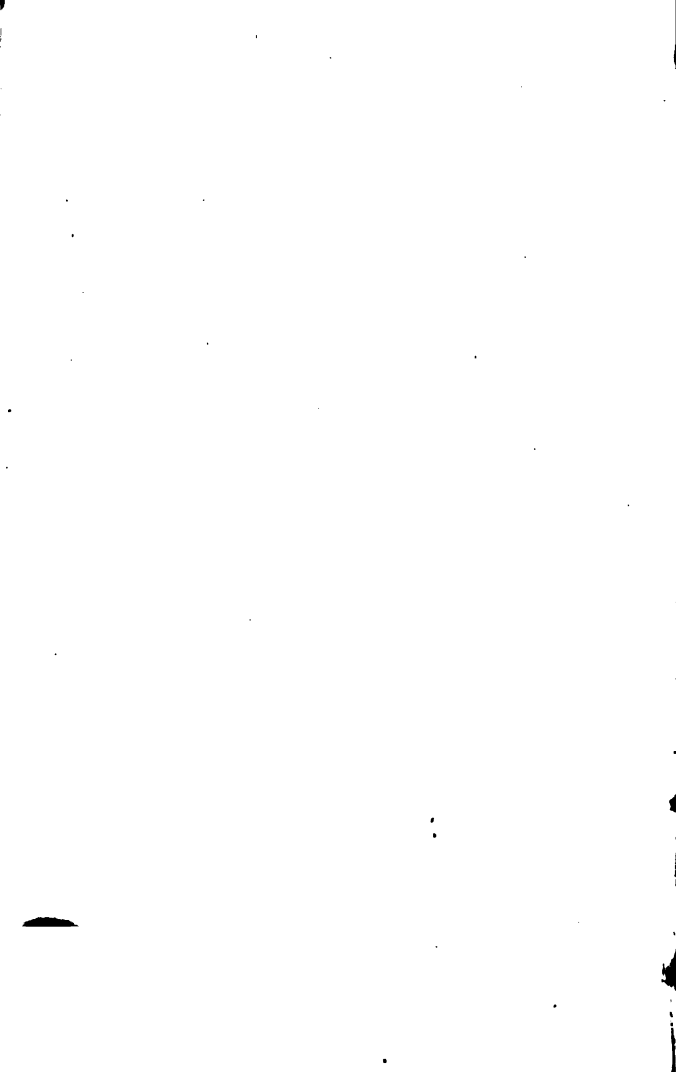
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RIGHT IN THE ABSTRACT:

ONE OF THE COURSE OF

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DELIVERED IN THE

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BY WILLIAM J. ALLINSON.

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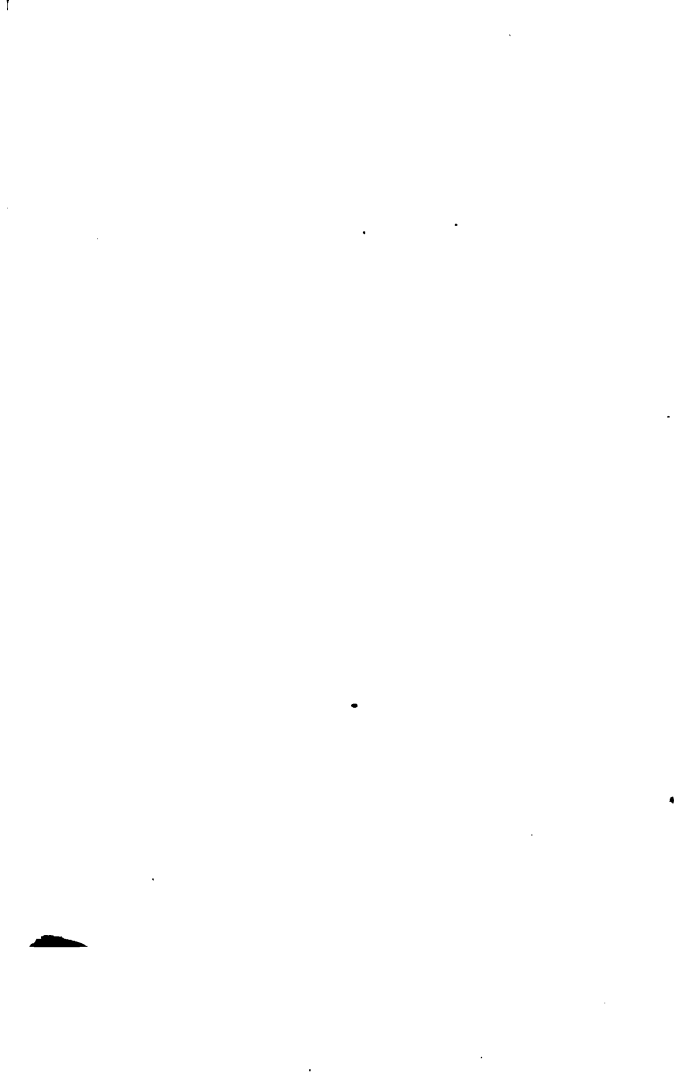
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The following Lecture is copied from the columns of **FRIENDS' REVIEW**, where it appeared, with the following editorial comment :

"Bearing directly upon some of the most important Christian duties, and illustrating certain principles in a striking and felicitous manner, its publication seems especially opportune at the present time."

The considerations presented, respecting the duty, in reference to the present exciting times, of those who, by previous profession, and by church membership, stand "pledged to pacific principles ;" appear to the Publisher of sufficient interest and importance to warrant their exhibition in a shape better adapted for preservation.

The question of Peace or War, although but incidentally introduced, forms the most prominent topic, and is happily illustrated. We commend the essay especially to those persons whose conscientious convictions but yesterday accorded with those of Jonathan Dymond, but whose conclusions, arrived at by an honest and rational process of thought, are in danger of becoming unsettled or abandoned in a time of general excitement.



## RIGHT IN THE ABSTRACT.

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A Congressman, celebrated for his blunt straight-forwardness and strong though homely common sense, was the father of an expression which has passed into a proverb: "Be sure you're right—then go ahead." And truly it is wisdom to scrutinize the premises on which we base conclusions or courses of action. Let people rail at abstractionists as much as they may, no theory is tenable, no doctrine is wholesome, no course of action is safe, no system even of benevolence is laudable, that has not for its origin a principle that is abstractly true and right.

The theologian or the sectary may display an imposing presentation of ingenious deductions, but if his starting position, the foundation of his theory, be unsound or even partially defective,

Truth, that inexorable analyzer, will detect the sophistry, expose the fallacy,—scatter the deductions.

As our Saviour sat upon a rock-ribbed, sand-covered mountain which was subject to landslides caused by the descending torrents, he called the attention of the multitudes to the folly of the man, who, without a foundation, should build his house upon that surface sand, when by digging he could place it upon the immutable rock underlying it, and make it *as that rock* in its capability to cleave the rushing floods, resist the fearful blast, and stand unshaken though the surface earth around be removed. And as the edifice so founded becomes Rock-like,—so the man whose actuating principles are all based upon Truth, (that spiritual rock,) becomes Christ-like and safe.

Pope said or sung:

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God!”

Well, bring me out this noble image of Deity, and, for a pedestal, set him upon the rock of

*absolute Right*, and you have a spectacle which angels may rejoice to view. Aye, let him maintain his footing there, and never fear for him, though the billows of persecution pass over. The multitudes may forsake him; hosts encamp against him, and his friends lapse from him,—but he will prove to you that Truth is expediency,—that true policy is in the right,—that on such a platform “he that loseth his life shall find it,”—and he will tell you with Churchill:

“Better stand up, assured, in conscious pride,  
Alone, than err with millions on your side!”

Oh, we want such abstractionists! Men who, in the emergent moment of action, when, under peculiar temptation, the short-sighted Expedientist would “do evil that good may come of it,” with a celestial arithmetic can cypher thus:—As the issues of the hour when Satan tempted Eve and Eve tempted Adam, were to the destinies of the whole human race,—so is my decision at this trial-moment, to the bright or gloomy future, near or remote.” And the days are

coming, have now come, when such trial-hours shall press upon representative men. Happy, if instead of saying "Evil be thou my good," or, which is about synonymous, "Of two evils choose the least," they will seek the inexorable test of *Right*, lifting their eyes to behold the balances described by Milton,

" Hung forth in Heaven

Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign."

Then, after one glance of faith at those eternal scales, they may say to the tempter, with a serene and confident smile,

"Satan—I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;  
Neither our own, but given."

Once a seedling fruit-tree gladdened the pomologist by its first exhibition of bloom. One blossom alone withstood the accidents of the season, and the beautiful fruit developed and approached maturity. He waited with curious expectancy to test the character and value of the tree. Disappointment awaited him,—for lo! a revolting worm was at the core, whose insect-

mother had deposited her egg in the fair blossom.

A young Republic was planted in the fertile soil of the Western hemisphere. It grew to a mighty nation, to which the old monarchies paid deference. But the nations were amazed, and it were little stretch of imagination to add, the holy angels were saddened, and God himself displeased, at its defective fruit! The brooding, inveterate author of all evil, the detestable fiend who viewed with jealousy

“the new created world,  
And man there placed,”

the very Nachash who erst poured venom into the porches of Eve's ear,—had deposited the accursed egg of slavery in some of the early bloom buds, and behold the fruits as they ripen, hollow, perforated, treacherous and alien to the qualities that should spring from the wholesome trunk and the good root.

Again, and again, in the course of that nation's growth, the reptile egg was deposited in

the blossoms, to develope, as the fruit matured, into the destructive and hideous canker worm. The evilseed which at first, in forgetfulness of abstract right and Truth, was gaily received by the seductive name of compromise; the sacrifice of principle which was gilded and hallowed by twining around it the original tempter's pet motto

“Of two evils choose the least,”

assumes in time the imposing names of Treason, Rebellion, Secession, Revolution;—and this vast expanse of country, the most highly favored on earth, becomes one immense battle field, a scene of fratricidal war,—its channels of enterprize drained,—princely fortunes annihilated,—homes rendered desolate,—its great railways torn up or appropriated as military roads,—its gallant sons hurried from their honest labor to become men-slayers and in turn themselves to be “food for powder:”—and where but lately

“Nature loved to trace

As if for gods a dwelling place,



And every grace and charm had mixed  
Within the Paradise she fixed,"

where the land rejoiced in fields of waving grain; where fertile plains, majestic rocks, old forests, glorious mountains and grand rivers combined in scenes of entrancing beauty; where the tourist from distant realms would revise his dreams of Eden; where the aged and the blind might walk in the safe guidance of the little child, and the coy damsel would ramble securely

"In maiden meditation, fancy free ;"

now, all, alas, is changed! Every right violated, humanity almost forgotten,—the stoutest heart thrills with horror or quakes with terror, —the owner of the soil (his house no longer his castle,) skulks for shelter, or, if he dares to walk abroad, it is only

"to tread

O'er the weltering fields of the tombless dead,  
And see worms of the earth, fowls of the air,  
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there,  
All regarding man as their prey,  
All rejoicing in his decay."

And wherefore the wasting of this goodly land?

“What gives the wheat field blades of steel?

What points the rebel's cannon?

What sets the roaring rabble's heel

On the old star-spangled pennon?

What breaks the oath

Of the men of the South?

What whets the knife

For the Union's life?”

It is too late now to give currency to the worn-out fiction that it was brought about by *our* sensitiveness at the clanking of the negro's chains. It was never a love of justice and mercy,—it was never the advocacy of abstract Right and Truth that caused this great disaster. It was never, as some will have it, the well meant but misdirected efforts of abstractionists, seeking to act out principles pure but inexpedient;—it was never a mawkish sympathy with the negro; it was never an ultra devotion to any set of ideas which in the abstract were lovely and of good report, and based upon justice, mercy

and truth,—that the first “compromises of the Constitution” were made; that the horrible Slave Trade was therein endorsed, for the sake of that worse than Pandora’s box, without even hope at the bottom, yclep’d South Carolina. John Woolman did not do it! Anthony Benezet was clear of it! Nor did any scrupulous Quakers or “red hot Abolitionists” consent that the old dragon should lay his egg of slavery in Liberty’s very nest,

“There with malignant patience,  
To sit in fell despite,  
Till this dracontine Cockatrice,  
Should break its way to light.”

It was a nation turning its back upon the Right and choosing mistaken expediency as the test of Right. Thus for the moment the concessionists of that day had rest—at the expense of future generations. But the evil seed had shocking vitality,—and the author of evil had long patience, like Southey’s old dragon of Antioch.

And as the South was by no means alone in the early departures from Right, so we find that the North is already a large sharer in the punishment involved.

“What though the cast-out spirit *tear*

*The nation* in his going;

We who have shared the guilt must share

The pang of his o’erthrowing.”

When our Saviour said: “It must needs be that offences come,” he justified not, but in the same breath denounced the offender;—and if, in the present conflict with this demon, every person of sagacity perceives that

“Before the joy of *peace*, must come

The pains of purifying,”

the glorious golden rule of Right is yet unmodified, and every passion that finds exercise in war remains without our heavenly Father’s sanction, and continues under his ban.

The Israelitish armies under Joshua were again and again, and yet again, premonished that whatever enemies they should suffer to remain

in the land should be thorns and pricks in their eyes and in their sides, *to vex them*. And the Joshuas of this Republic, by permitting South Carolina and Georgia, *on such terms*, to dwell in the Canaan of liberty, won for themselves, and entailed on their successors, pricks in their eyes to extinguish their moral sight, and thorns in their sides most signally to vex them.

They sowed to the wind for us to reap the whirlwind.

Did they receive the egg of slavery, at length and forever when attained to its present hideous dimensions, to crush out liberty? I cannot tell. There is ONE above us all, of infinite justice and mercy and power, who knoweth the end from the beginning; and the issue, whether merciful or terrible, which He has foreseen, will not be averted, will not be promoted by any departure on thy part or on mine, from known principles of holy abstract Right, in taking up the carnal weapon, and resorting to means which not sophistry itself can reconcile with the commandments which

our Lord gave on Mount Sinai and endorsed on the Mount of Beatitudes:—" *Thou shalt not kill.*" " *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*"

The great principle, recognized by all sound jurists, that the will of the Creator and Sovereign of the universe must, in all parts of his dominion, be the basis of law,—that no law is lawful that can be shown to be in violation of that Supreme Will, was, when Seward announced it, rejected by a blasphemous yell, which howled along our seaboard; whistled through our city avenues; blended its chorus with the incessant din of your metropolis; swept across our populous States, along all the water courses of this land of broad rivers and streams, to the far northwest

"Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings,"

through the auriferous regions of the Pacific, and swelled with haughtier arrogance in all those Southern commonwealths where cotton is erected

as the successor of Aaron's calf, of Baal and Dagon, of Bel and the Dragon, and of Nebuchadnezzar's image. I refer to the time when the people denounced as treason your own Statesman's doctrine of a "higher law," to the test of which even the Constitution, and all statutes of all generations must be brought: every enactment being of necessity subservient to "Thus saith the Lord." The yell which then arose from the throats of millions of partizans, was kindred in its madness to the infatuation of the Jews, who, when the relenting Pilate asked if he should crucify their long expected King of Glory, the only hope of Israel, the very *Truth*, the embodiment of abstract Right, vociferated: "We will have no king but Cæsar!" The Jews refused the glorious liberty of the sons of God for Rome's iron yoke of bondage. The Americans renounced for the degrading servitude of the cotton-ocracy, the manly freedom of self-government,—the wholesome and ennobling restraints of right principle,—the liberty in the truth

which Benjamin Seebohm described as "liberty to do right in every direction,—liberty to do wrong in none."

"Base of heart! They vilely barter

Honor's wealth for party's place :

Step by step on Freedom's charter

Leaving footprints of disgrace ;

For to-day's poor pittance turning from the great  
hope of their race."

You know that the old orthography of the word righteousness was "*right-wise-ness*," (you will so find it in your old black letter Bibles, your Wickliffe's, and your Tyndal's,) by which we see that it means the true Wisdom "which, in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets":—the wisdom treated of in the Proverbs and the Psalms; in Ecclesiastes and Ecclesiasticus; the Wisdom of which Solomon says: "I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light; for the light that cometh from her never goeth out." "She is more beautiful than the



sun, and above all the order of stars ; being compared with light she is found before it: For after this cometh night, but vice shall not prevail against Wisdom. By the means of her I shall obtain immortality, and leave behind me an everlasting memorial to them that come after me. . . . . To be allied to Wisdom is immortality."

An eminent statesman, *who only needed right-wise-ness to make him wise*, in an elaborate speech prepared with much care and consultation as a bid for the Presidency, in bold denial of "the higher law;" in arrogant rejection of the position that God's prior title in man as Creator and as Saviour, precluded the possibility of his becoming the *property* of his fellow man, asserted, "That *is* property which *the law* declares to be property. Two hundred years of human legislation have sanctioned and sanctified negro slaves as property." Thus making the most sacred of human rights give way to local and unlawful law ; virtually ignoring the supremacy of

God, in the affairs of a world which He created for his own glory. And this exaltation of human policy over Divine legislation, prevailed in the high places of our Nation till the cup of our iniquities ran over. And thus it was that Nebuchadnezzar, in the plenitude of his regalsway, ignored in his kingdom the King of kings, till a humiliating, degrading judgment was denounced against him, that he might learn this lesson of "the higher law,"—"that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will." He was condemned to the level and to the diet and to the companionship of brutes, till "thou shalt have known that *the Heavens do rule.*" It was pending the execution of this sentence that Daniel exhorted him, (as many a Daniel exhorted the rulers and the men of this generation;) "Wherefore, O, King! let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity." And

after seven years of bestial idiocy, Nebuchadnezzar was restored to manhood and to kingship, when he blessed and praised and honored "Him that liveth forever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation, and all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and he doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto Him, what doest thou!" And he published a great state paper "unto all people, nations, and languages that dwell in all the earth;" in which, though the greatest of earthly monarchs, he gave in his full adhesion to "*the higher law*," concluding his memorable proclamation with these loyal words: "Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and extol and honor the King of Heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment; and those that walk in pride He is able to abase." And Darius, in his proclamation, also recognized this "higher law," and Artaxerxes, when, in his letter to the

princes and governors of a hundred and twenty-seven provinces, he acknowledged the derivation of his power from "God who ruleth all things;" "the most high and most mighty living God, who hath ordered the kingdom both unto us and to our progenitors." But the sage of Ashland said, in opposition to this view: "That is property which the law declares to be property." And the people, for cotton's sake, said, "Amen!" Those who live long enough to see this issue through, perhaps may say with Nebuchadnezzar, "Those that walk in pride, he is able to abase!"

The right of man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is an abstract truth; but it is the corner stone of our national edifice. To deny it were political infidelity,—yet to deny it became the policy of the South; and their minions in the North, who knew better, cried, Amen! And so would they have assented to aught which it pleased the dear South for them to say or unsay, like the subservient Polonius:

"Do you see that cloud that's almost in shape like a camel?"

"In good sooth, and 'tis like a camel indeed."

"Methinks it is like a weasel."

"It ~~is~~ backed like a weasel."

"Or like a whale."

"Very like a whale."

But how humiliating to reflect that this truckling subserviency should have been practised by men of largest intellect,—by *the* man of largest intellect, one who had no intellectual rival among all his masters, or in all the South. During the debates which preceded the evil compromises of 1850, it is understood that the great expounder of the Constitution had prepared a speech, so strongly anti-slavery in its character, that even Giddings, on privately reading it, advised that it was too ultra. A few days elapsed, and in its stead the speech was uttered, which brought the blackness of darkness over the great orator's glory, and which elicited from a Bard who had once rejoiced to call him "Pride of New England,"

the saddest and most scathing poem, perhaps,  
which America has produced. .

“ So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn which once  
he wore !

The glory from his gray hairs gone forever more !

Reville him not—the tempter hath a snare for all ;

And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath, befit his fall !

Oh ! dumb be passion's stormy rage, when he who  
might

Have lighted up and led his age, falls back in night.

Scorn ! would the angels laugh, to mark a bright soul  
driven,

Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark, from hope and  
heaven ?

Let not the land once proud of him, revile him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim, dishonored  
brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead, from sea to lake,  
A long lament as for the dead, in sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought save power re-  
mains—

A fallen angel's pride of thought, still strong in  
chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes the soul hath fled :

When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead !

Then pay the reverence of old days to his dead fame :

Walk backwards with averted gaze and hide the shame.”\*

Such was the pitiable consequence of departure from known right. Such the miserable fall of the fairest edifice founded on the sloping surface sand. “The highway of the upright is to depart from evil.” The highway of the expedientist is to depart from right. “The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” The path of the compromiser is enveloped with clouds, which intensify in darkness till night falls black upon it.

In 1820, by the great sin of a needless and fatal concession, slavery was fastened upon Missouri. Previous iniquities had paved the way

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\*Whittier's “Ichabod.”

for this; our statesmen, at the best, "winking with both eyes." The fraudulent making and the treacherous violation of treaties solely with a view to recapturing fugitive slaves; the *secret* article in the treaty of 1790 by which \$18,000 annually was guaranteed as a bribe to certain Indian Chiefs (parties to the treaty) and by which, we, the people of the U. S. are bound forever to an annual payment of \$1500, for the rendition to South Carolina and Georgia of certain fugitive slaves; then came that fatal covenant with Hades, the Missouri Compromise, which might have been prevented, but a few northern men of feeble virtue were beguiled into the iniquity, thus winning scorn from their constituents, and from their very tempters and betrayers the stinging epithet of "dough faces."

Traitors cannot discern, till, with Arnold, they learn  
That their payment is scorn from the party who  
buys them!

They are bought with a price, they accept it in  
vice,



And they find in a trice that their buyers despise them !

From that disgraceful day, the stains upon our public records have been as though a sea of ink had poured over them. The Florida war, costing forty millions of dollars and thousands of lives, with national sin and dishonor, solely for the sake of slavery ; the Mexican war for the same purpose ; the annexation of Texas which almost extinguished the patriot's hope, for the same purpose ; the Atherton gag law resolutions, intended to choke off all exposure of the matter of the Florida exiles ; the Fugitive Slave Law ; the Christiana treason trials ; the Sumner tragedy ; the Kansas raid and the unutterable atrocities in that connection ; the *Tawney* Dred Scott decision ; bribery, frauds, speculations and wholesale plundering by men high in office and in trust ; concession upon concession ; and finally, Rebellion, Revolution, civil war, and a dark, terrible and uncertain future before us, in which we instinctively soliloquize with Solomon :

“Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive;”—these, (and the catalogue might be blackened by increasing it,) are a few of the evil results of departure from those patriotic and virtuous principles, laid down and intended to be perpetuated by the founders of this Republic.

“The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared  
Its bloody rain is dropping;  
The poison plant the fathers spared  
All else is over-topping.  
East, West, South, North,  
It curses the Earth!  
All justice dies,  
And fraud, and lies  
Live, only, in its shadow.”

You will allow me to read one short extract, from a recent historical work of thrilling interest and terrible accuracy. It refers to the determined efforts (successful only in part,) for the enslavement of the Florida exiles.

“More than 500 persons were seized and en-

slaved between the first of January, 1835, and the 14th of August, 1848. Probably one-half of them had been born free; the others had themselves escaped from slavery. To effect this object, forty millions of dollars were supposed to have been expended. Eighty thousand dollars were paid from the public treasury for the enslavement of each person, and the lives of at least three white men were sacrificed to insure the enslavement of each black man."

Compromise with evil is no kindness to the evil doer. If your feet are planted firmly upon the Truth, when his own faith fails he needs the strength of your assurance in the right, and the moment of his boldest rage is the moment when you may do him most good by tranquil firmness. If you will be honest, honorable, consistent, uncompromising, maintaining the Christian spirit; if in the trial hour you lend him the unblenching glance of honest love, the voice of Truth, the helping hand of firm consistency, you will strike conviction, though for a time it

appear not,—you will send to him an infusion of good—you will sow a seminal truth, “a right seed,”—and some day in the future the evidence will appear that God has given the increase. Oh that in the year 1850 the representatives of the North had been true to manhood, faithful to their trust, and fitted for the hour! They may wait for the rest of their lives, and they might wait and sigh through fifty life-times, for another such opportunity to quit themselves like men!

The nominal friends of Freedom who are “*as much opposed to slavery as you are,—but—*” had been, since 1820, gradually pursuing the downward course of compromise and demoralization. But a crisis had then arrived when public sentiment demanded an advance in the direction of Freedom, and senators and congressmen were sent to Washington to carry out the popular will. The South understood this; expected to be compelled to make large concessions, and were ready, after a flourish of trumpets,

to do it peaceably. The time was auspicious. The safety of the Union, so far from being at hazard, was enhanced, and a more tranquil feeling, South and North, upon the slave question was at hand.

“Oh, then,—oh, at such a proud moment as this,  
Worth pages of history,”—

had “Harry of the West” been quietly at Ashland, and “Daniel the Expounder” been reposing at Marshfield, or, being at Washington, had they both been destitute of all hope of the Presidency and of all jealousy toward President Taylor, the tide of slavery propagandism would have receded, and the infamous Fugitive Slave bill would never have disgraced our statute books. But the South had been accustomed to gain her points by bullying the North. She verily believed that the stand on principle had now been taken, that the time had come when she could do so no longer; but, it would cost little to try the experiment once more, and would only be indulging, perhaps for the last time, in

a favorite habit. So the fist of the South was fiercely yet tremulously shaken in the face of the North,—and the North, false to its convictions, traitor to its trusts, recreant to virtue and humanity, shook in its shoes. The quick-witted South took advantage of the first display of the white feather. They expected to be beaten, but they saw that they could strike a panic in the hosts of Freedom. They saw that by threatening the Union they could draw concessions from Northern politicians, and they knew that if those whom they called “dough faces,” would, at the very moment when they might have made their own terms, *yield a little*, “to save the Union,” they could, by calling louder, scare them into conceding more. So that inhuman and unconstitutional bill was presented, (containing terms introduced for the purpose of insulting and aggravating Northern freemen), its passage was demanded, and the Representatives of a Liberty-loving constituency,

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who were sent thither for the very purpose of doing battle for Liberty,

“Cowered down into *slaves* when they might have stood **MEN**.”

And so, from that time, as before, a large part of our legislation might be characterized by one comprehensive phrase:—“**TRUCKLING TO THE SOUTH.**” These words afford a neat synopsis of our history. They might be varied to read: **DEPARTURE FROM ABSTRACT RIGHT.**

And now that *concession to Slavery* has brought a horrible war upon us, even the baptism of blood is slow in washing the film of false expediency from eyes which never contemplate Right, never gaze at the Light, except through that perverting medium.

Our own poet, the Bard of Abstract Right, witnesses in a vision an interview between the angels of Peace and Freedom. Freedom speaks in a desponding strain :

“Through weary day and night

I watch a vague and aimless fight

For leave to strike one blow aright.

On either side, *my foe* they own :

One guards through love his ghastly throne,

And one, *through fear to reverence grown*.

Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed

By open foes, or those afraid

To speed thy coming through my aid ?

Why watch to see who win or fall ?

I shake the dust against them all,—

I leave them to their senseless brawl !

‘Nay,’ Peace implored : ‘yet longer wait ;

The doom is near, the stake is great ;

God knoweth if it be too late.

Still wait and watch ; the way prepare

Where I, with folded wings of prayer

May follow, weaponless and bare.’

‘Too LATE !’ the stern sad voice replied.

‘*Too late !*’ its mournful echo sighed.

In low lament the answer died.

A rustling, as of wings in flight,

An upward gleam of lessening white,—

So passed the vision, sound and sight.



But round me, like a silver bell  
Rung down the listening sky, to tell  
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

‘Still hope and trust,’ it sang; ‘*the rod*  
*Must fall*, the wine press must be trod,  
But, all is possible with God!’”

And the only resort of the peace-loving Christian, is a holy trust in THE INFINITE,

“Whose hand controls  
Whate’er thou fearest;  
Round whom, in calmest music, rolls  
Whate’er thou hearest,”

and who, intent from the beginning that Right shall triumph, and that all shall eventuate in good, with serene accuracy watches the auspicious moment when he will “restrain the remainder of wrath.”

I do not stand before this mixed assembly as a sectarian. You will bear with me if my discourse be somewhat characterized by the fact that it is addressed to an audience consisting mainly of my own people. There are others

before me, but I do not miscalculate their candor and magnanimity in taking for granted their willingness to know why it is that some Christians, whose hearts bleed for the sufferings of their beloved country, yet find themselves restrained from some of the popular manifestations of patriotism. If now, when every echo speaks of war, and every breeze is redolent of gunpowder, I breathe one gentle note of PEACE, you will not, therefore, deem me disloyal. I love the noble Union, though I think it never was worth the bonus it has given upon slavery. I hail the prospect of its divorce from that fiendish connection. I exult in hope that this millstone is about to be untied from its neck and cast into the depths of the sea (though I must deplore that it should be a *Red Sea*.) And I thank the Father of mercies that a check is given to the rapid tendency towards barbarism which slavery was causing.

I pass no censure upon the patriotic men who conduct this war; nor do I judge by a Quaker

standard those who admit war as part of their creed, and who, under amazing provocation, have acted with moderation, and, so far as the system will admit, with humanity ; but, if they can kill their enemies scripturally, loving, blessing, and praying for them, I have not learned the drill: excuse my dulness.

And here occurs a consideration germane to our subject. What is the duty, respecting this war and its accompaniments, of those who, by long profession, many by church membership, not a few by the very garb they wear, stand pledged to pacific principles, and have held that they cannot depart a hair's breadth from the way of peace, without violating their allegiance to the Prince of Peace. It is very certain that this portion of the community have found their sympathies suddenly, strongly, and strangely stirred. They cannot affect indifference. Looking at the contending parties, they perceive, on the one side, motives, claims, aggressions, at which humanity revolts, which virtue and which pa-

triotism condemn, and which their very souls abhor. On the other side, they see antagonism to these, and an unpremeditated embodiment of principles, which happening to lie in their way, like Falstaff's victim, they "found them:" principles holy and dear to the heart of every one who recognizes the Anglo-Saxon, the African, and the aboriginal American alike as belonging to the brotherhood of Man, and protected in their manhood by the fatherhood of God.

My friends,—the still small voice was not heard in the whirlwind; and the present tornado blast is the time to test, rather than to found, our principles of action. If they are founded, if they are built with the cement of Truth, upon the Rock underlying that surface-sand which now rises on the gale and blinds so many eyes, the blasts may fiercely blow; the torrents may descend; the maddening surges may arise, and even sweep away the surrounding earth, but they cannot disturb the Rock. No more can storms affect the character of Truth, or impart

to an apparently expedient wrong, the sanctity of an abstract Right. There is no need for me (nor does our time permit) to argue the rightfulness or unrightfulness of all war. You have the masterly and altogether irrefutable arguments of Jonathan Dymond, and documents enough to constitute a voluminous *Peace Library*, and more than these, you have the broad command "Thou shalt not kill"—you have the Saviour's beautiful and glorious golden rule:—you have Love (incompatible with hating, or slaying, or fighting) as the first, and the second, and the new commandment; as the message heard from the beginning; as the proof of having "passed from death unto life;" and the apostle's test, whereby we may know that we are of the Truth, and shall assure our hearts before God. "Belovéd,"—said the disciple most beloved,—“let us love one another,—for love is of God.” “Belovéd,” he continues, “if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.”

I could go to my brother, *in love*, and, for his

own physical good, to save his life, I might, however painful, amputate his finger or his arm. But I could not go to him *in love*, and for the good or supposed good of some other man or men, with murderous weapons destroy his life. Nor could I lend one cent, nor move one joint or muscle, to aid another to do this thing. It is a legal maxim and an abstract truth:

“*Qui facit per alium facit per se,*”

and we cannot wash our hands of responsibility in doing by others what we dare not do ourselves.

A military officer, pacing with impatience the piazza of a station house, beheld an aged and venerable man with a placid countenance “on which the dove of peace sat brooding,” and attired in the costume which marks the Friend, and which he at once regarded as a quiet attack on his military profession. He stood before the Friend and commenced a tirade in favor of defensive war. Warming with his subject, he declared, in denunciatory tones, what terrible

things he would do to the man who should offer violence to his wife or children. At length he paused, his whole attitude courting argument and challenging a reply. "Well, friend," replied the other calmly, "I hope thou wouldst take care to do it all in love." Incensed at the answer, he went off as before, supposing cases of aggression too hard to be borne, and saying *what he would do*, and waxing fierce and more fierce in telling of the stabs and blows and blowing out of brains, with which he would repel and punish the invader. When exhausted, he again paused for the argument which he was determined to provoke. The meek response was still the same: "I hope thou wilt be sure to do it in love." The officer was incensed with the simple, and as he at first thought, stupid reply. *Fight in love! Stab a man to the heart in love! Or blow out his brains in love!* But the simple expression stuck with him,—a nail fastened in a sure place. He had been a student of theology and had read his Testament accurately;

and he knew that what could not be done in love could not be done religiously or scripturally, and throwing up his military commission he entered the moral warfare, a peace advocate, and the author of that sweet little tract, "A kiss for a blow."

The advocacy of war involves, as I think, an inadequate estimate of the value of souls.

" One human soul  
Is more than any parchment scroll,  
Or any flag the winds unroll.  
What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?  
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?  
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?"

To the Christian who goes forth to battle, I leave the task of answering St. John's question : "how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The Apostle James strikes the axe at the root when he denounces the lusts and the causes from whence come wars and fightings, leaving for the warrior no scriptural platform. The early disciples stood bravely to their motto : "I am a Christian,



and *therefore* I cannot fight,"—and we, who similarly interpret the "mind of Christ," and who accept his will and precepts as "the higher law," the standard and the test of right, are twitted now with an unwillingness to bear the brunt which somebody must bear; with a willingness to accept the protection of the sword we refuse to wield. The fact that the lovers of peace are in the main also haters of slavery, is brought up to reproach us for an indisposition to sustain the government in a war caused by slavery, though it is certain that government has not conducted it as a war against slavery, save just so far as that issue has been forced upon them, but rather as an effort, in quelling rebellion, to preserve the Union with slavery as it is, or has been, a result which I do not believe Providence will permit. Let us bear this meekly, not swerving from our steadfastness. There is an injustice in it which those who so reproach us do not perceive. The principles of Geo. Fox and of Wm. Penn, and a vast number of honored and valuable men, their

disciples in this land, would, if acted out, have prevented the causes of this war. Every measure which has led to it, might readily have been prevented, if a moderate degree of Christian manliness had been observed by the northern senators and congressmen. Holy truth and right have been conceded away times without number, and shall we be now told that our doctrines are theoretic and impractical because of the intricacies brought about by long successive departures from them? The friends of Fox, Barclay, Penn, and Woolman have, through many generations, given proof of the sincerity of their testimony against war. Patiently have they borne imprisonment and the spoiling of their goods. Other Christians adopted their views. Legislation for their exemption from penalties has shown that their sincerity was believed by their neighbors. Peace Societies and World's Peace Conventions have proved that men of great and leading intellects really believed that war is wrong, is unchristian, is untenable by argument,—is

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“a game which, were the people wise,  
Kings could not play at.”

Less than a year ago, hundreds now engaged in the army would have poured out irrefutable arguments to prove that war, considered either in reference to political economy, to morals, or to Christianity, is utterly indefensible. Well, my friends, principle has not changed. Every principle of Right has Eternity for its duration, and the storm of to-day will not affect it, though it may affect your perception of it. I am speaking to those who possess peace principles, that they be not moved from their steadfastness. They have their duty, but it will not be performed in violating their knowledge of right. To those who say, the war must be carried on, or evil will triumph and we shall be desolated, (and many who so speak had no principle against fighting, and even had no protest against the concessions which gradually led to it) we may reply: events are in the control of One who has proved himself mighty, and whose arm

is unshortened, and we dare not seek to help him by a violation of his holy precepts. And how know we, or how know they that any good result will come from this warfare, that might not have been better secured by a Nation breaking off its sins by righteousness, its iniquities by showing mercy to the poor? We cannot say it will not. God makes the wrath of man to praise him, yet he denounces that wrath as a sin. But his quiver is full of arrows, and he needs not those of man. He has, for the accomplishment of his ends,

“ a capacious reservoir of *means*

Formed for his use, and ready at his will.”

A few years ago, Ireland and American Slavery were named as the two difficult problems. British legislation utterly failed to relieve the first, till Providence, by the simple, unlooked-for means of the potato rot, scattered the dense and miserable population of Ireland, and made way for gradual but amazing relief. The other subject, I reverently believe, will be provi-

dentially met. How, I pretend not to know. That it will be by any plan originating in man's wisdom or prowess, I do not suppose.

A few weeks ago, the sympathies of Christian people were deeply stirred on behalf of the unhappy denizens of a city which we have been wont to regard as the very focus of pro-slavery arrogance and of this treason. Who is there that does not feel sad and pitiful for the women and the children and the men of Charleston, though they have shut the door against our sending them aid, as we did when the plague was decimating them? And does not such an event, in such a locality, at such a moment, swell the catalogue of cases in which Providence, exerting his Sovereign prerogative, anticipates and rebukes the wrath of man, saying: "Vengeance is mine."

The people of Basle in Switzerland were thrown into consternation, when a well appointed army, commanding the best engineering skill in Europe, had planted itself on the opposite bank

of the Rhine, to shell and destroy the city at once. The people of Basle made no warlike preparations against what they might well deem an irresistible foe; but the merchants and principal men betook themselves to the churches, and spent the night in prayer. Ask of all past generations! Who ever trusted in God and was confounded? The cannonading commenced. It was prosecuted the whole night with vigor. Why did not the walls at once give way to attacks against which they were by no means proof? He who holdeth the winds in his fists, heard the prayers which ascended through all that night, and caused a mighty storm; and the wind so checked the impetus of the cannon balls that they barely flew across the narrow channel, and they harmlessly accumulated like innocent pebbles along the base of the city walls. Military Science is sometimes amazingly accurate in its calculation of forces. But here the resistance of the wind overcame the impetus which would have shivered massive walls of rock,

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whilst howling winds and pelting rains and the deafening sounds of war hindered not the ascent, drowned not the voice of prayer,—which rose direct, from humbled human hearts right into the ear of “the lofty One who inhabiteth eternity.” At day-dawn that formidable army was speedily summoned to a distant field, and the next evening found the merchants (literally on the banks of deliverance) again assembled at church, not for prayer but for praise, and, bringing their silver and their gold as a thank-offering, they established an extensive missionary effort, by means of which more light was probably diffused, and more Bibles distributed than by any other save the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was itself partly founded by Dr. Steinkopff, one of the officers of the Basle institution.

Napoleon, when he invaded Russia, seemed about to triumph in what, if successful, would have headed off the course of prophecy, as set forth in Daniel’s interpretation of Nebuchad-

nessar's dream. No human means prevented him,—but, says Dr. Cumming, “just as it seemed to be within his reach to lord it over all the world, and to construct out of the ten kingdoms a new and universal sovereignty,—the snow fell softly and beautifully from Heaven, as the light upon an infant's eye; but those same insignificant snow flakes formed themselves into ramparts that checked his troops, and ultimately made shrouds and graves for all his chivalry.”

It was no human prowess that destroyed the fleets of Xerxes:—God did it, by the special Providence of “stormy winds fulfilling his law.”

In the days of “good Queen Bess,” (as flattery has miscalled the murderess of Mary Stuart), the greatest fleet in the world, bearing an immense force, and more guns than had ever been collected before, whitened with its sails and with its foaming track the rolling billows of the Bay of Biscay. Now, they sail up the English Channel. Never went forth



a prouder expedition than that of 1588; never one with more sanguine confidence of success, as they gaily sped onward to invade the Island which boasts herself mistress of the seas, and which the penuriousness of penny-wise Elizabeth had left unguarded and destitute of all adequate human means of defence. There was little hope for England then; no wisdom of Elizabeth or her counsellors,—no bravery of her generals without troops could avert the blow which was to make her a mere province of Spain. But there was a higher Sovereign than Philip or Elizabeth, who did not will England's subjugation, and he used as "ministers of his, to do his pleasure," those waves which Canute could not stay, which Xerxes vainly lashed and could not enchain. At his command old Neptune arose and shook himself, and

"spoiled the Armada's pride."

No bravery of Hezekiah could have withstood the vast army of Sennacherib when he came with his hundreds of thousands, denying and defying

"the higher law." "Where,"—he boastingly cried, "are the gods of Hamath and Arphad and Rezeph and the children of Eden? Where are the gods of Sepharvaim, Hena and Iveh? Who amongst all the gods have delivered their land out of my hand, that the Lord should deliver Jerusalem out of my hand?" And he reckoned about as sagaciously as others do, who leave "the higher law" out of all their calculations, and God out of all their thoughts. But,

"the angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe, as he passed,  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew  
still."

The morning rose upon one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses, upon every one of whom a jury of inquest might have rendered the verdict: "Died by visitation of God." And Sennacherib fled to Nineveh, to die, in the very act of idol-worship, by the hands of his own sons, for whose aggrandizement he thought to plunder God's people.

Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Has he relinquished his presidency over the affairs of men and nations? If he has not,—I see not the absurdity of seeking, in the most difficult crisis, to do his will, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

But we are not therefore to be listless, unconcerned on-lookers. He who, through pure love to God and man, dares not respond to the summons “to arms!”—should be no less a patriot than he who girdeth on the sword. He should be sober and prayerful, holding much communion with the skies.

When the news arrived of the bombardment and of the firing of Sumpter, some little children, filled with sympathy for the suffering patriots, wept bitterly. An infant of four years exclaimed, “I’ll ask heavenly Father to put the fire out:” and going into a corner he knelt, and raising his little hands and his clear, confiding, innocent eyes, he ejaculated: “Dear heavenly Father, please put out the fire at Fort Sumpter,

and save Major Anderson and his men, and forgive all the people their sins so that, when they die, they may go to Heaven : Amen !” And he rose from his little prayer of faith with tranquil happiness, for he had asked believing. And is there here no lesson for us ? Shall we not, in soul-abasedness bear upon our hearts the nation’s adversity, and the brave men, whose sense of patriotism induces them to endure privations, sufferings and death ? True, we may not pray for the success of this army or that. We may not desire, or exult in the death of our enemies ; we may not burn for vengeance, glory in their shame, gloat over their sufferings. But we may, as we are favored to receive qualification, petition that God will use the means which his own merciful wisdom will provide, for the accomplishment of his own will in overcoming slavery ; in blessing the whole nation ; in staying the scourge of war, —and in converting and in saving souls, both North and South of that imaginary line which

has so divided the interests and the feelings and the habits of the people.

A popular preacher came to Philadelphia recently to lecture upon war, and he made himself and his audience merry at the peace position of Friends. And so perhaps, eighteen and a half centuries ago, some one may have raised a laugh in the streets of Jerusalem, at the promulgation, by the Great Teacher, of this doctrine which the Quakers learn from him: "*I say unto you,*" (and this "*I SAY*" goes for more than ten thousand times "*I think,*" from Doctors of Divinity and the wise men of this world,) "*I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven; for he maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.*" Oh, shall not we do likewise, and for the same inducement: *that we may be the chil-*

*dren of our Father which is in Heaven*, of whom we hope, from whom we seek, forgiveness of our sins, as we forgive those that trespass against us?

I asked before, who knows that good is to be accomplished by the present fighting? The end is known from the beginning, and, though we are too dull to read it, the end is told,—*foretold*. The venerable muse of History, with every trace of her pen, sets to her seal that God is true, and records the fulfillment of prophecy. We live in times eventful, which were depicted, ages ago, on the retina of faith-illumined eyes. Distress of nations—the sea and the waves roaring—earthquakes in divers places—wars and rumors of wars. Daniel, the man greatly beloved, told Cyrus 2400 years ago, the issues to catch the first knowledge of which we strain our eyes and ears and consult the telegraph and the newspaper to be cheated with false rumors and still left in suspense. And, in an island of the Egean sea, 1765 years ago, a holy angel told all about it to

the beloved John, who wrote the prophecy in such terms that, though we must be modest in our construction of them now, there will be no mistaking them when prophecy becomes history. And John, in foretelling the terrors of the latter days, uses these significant words: "He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword;" immediately adding: "Here is the patience and the faith of the saints." And in the next chapter he writes: "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." Such as these will be altogether right in the abstract, right in their foundation, and right in their superstructure, and following the Lamb, the very Prince of Peace, he will not lead them forth to slay those for whom he laid down his precious life. And such I trust are some of you.

One hundred and sixteen years ago, during the war between the French and English, a scene unwonted and most strange was observable in the English camp at Normandy. The

officers and common soldiers were seized with an unaccountable feeling of solemnity,—and they stood in groups of hundreds together, with gaping mouths and awe-stricken faces. They were brave men, not accustomed to fear—they were flushed with recent victory, and had no unusual reason to anticipate coming evil; yet a cloud of awfulness enveloped them, paleness overspread their countenances, and indicated an inward emotion of no ordinary character. During this panic, (shall I not rather say, in conventional phrase, during this *covering*?) a soldier quite popular in the army, one John Haywood, was seized with sudden illness and carried to the hospital. During his sickness the fatal battle of Fontenoy occurred, which was in fact a massacre in the two contending armies. History records that each army lost about 12,000 men. A young man was brought wounded into the hospital and placed on a bed near to Haywood. He was in great mental agony, loudly and continually bewailing his departure from



his principles, by which departure he had been brought to this deplorable condition.

Haywood at last called to him—"Young man, you talk of your principles; what *are* your principles?" He said that he was brought up in the Society of Friends,—and again exclaimed bitterly, "Oh, that I had never departed from my principles!" "But young man," repeated Haywood, "what are your principles?" He then explained that the principles of Friends were against wars and fightings, and not to kill but to love their enemies. Conviction of the excellence of these Christian principles was sealed upon Haywood's mind. He recovered and returned to the camp; and on a day of great parade, to the utter astonishment of the soldiery, he stepped forward out of his rank, and laid down his gun upon the ground. The amazement was heightened, when two others, with whom there had been no collusion, also stepped forward and laid down their guns.

They were, of course placed under arrest.

They understood the consequence involved, and that their lives must be forfeited. Sentence of death was passed upon them by Court Martial. Haywood, being generally beloved, was visited and urged to retract, with promises of pardon. He told them that he knew he must die and he was ready to lay down his life; he was convinced that war was inconsistent with Christianity, and he could not retract.

The time of execution came; they were led to the ground with all the appalling appointments. Their eyes were bandaged, they were made to kneel; their old comrades pointed their muskets and took aim waiting the command to "Fire," whilst they, most tranquil-hearted of all the host, were strengthened from Heaven, I ween, by "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation." At this moment their pardon was proclaimed. Their case having been represented to King George, he gave orders that they should be tested to the very last, but, said he, "God forbid that any man

should be put to death for conscience sake under my reign." Haywood afterward narrated, that he was already in heavenly places, his soul filled with peace and ready to depart. But when the pardon was declared, a great revulsion took place in his feelings, and severe mental conflicts and darkness succeeded.

They returned to England, and here we lose sight of the other two. Haywood joined the people called Quakers, became an eminent minister among them,—and, dedicating his life to his gracious Lord who had redeemed it from destruction, he travelled much in the service of Truth, and died in a good old age. The Church issued its memorial of him, but this anecdote, which was narrated to me for preservation by the venerable Stephen Grellet, was never till then, I believe, committed to writing.

This circumstance not only includes the clear testimony of the Divine spirit against war,—but illustrates also the kindness and mercy of our gracious Lord, to those soldiers, who, torn

from their parents, and forced into the army without any agency of their own, were made mere tools in the destruction of their fellow men. To these poor men, on the eve of a bloody engagement a remarkable visitation was extended, preparing some of them, perhaps, for the solemn event. In the midst of a camp where levity, dissipation and revelling prevailed, the spectacle was suddenly presented of large groups of such men, standing with the solemnity of worshippers, awed by the unseen presence of the God of the Spirits of all flesh. The young apostate, too upon his death bed mercifully recalled to the principles he had forsaken, was made the means (by Him who works by means) of arresting Haywood during his illness. The soldier also, in mercy called away from the paths of death, and made a minister of life and peace; the other two soldiers, by the direct workings of the Holy Spirit upon their minds, brought to such a knowledge of the Truth that they too were willing to yield their natural lives for the testi-

mony's sake; the Divine protecting care which delivered his servants by tendering the heart of a king; all these lead us to magnify the Divine benevolence, whilst they impress upon us the sanctity of abstract right, and the importance of strict adherence to principle based thereon.

One more anecdote, of our own day. In the year 1857 a young man was impressed for the Prussian army. But he had bound close to his heart the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and he said, with the Apostle, and with the early Christians, "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal." Refusing to bear arms, he was thrown into prison, and clothed, as part of his punishment in a military uniform, he was confined in a narrow cell, without bed or seat or any pleasant food. Being found still steadfast to his faith, the day was appointed, when, in refinement of cruelty, his cell was to be floored with open slatting, so that, being obliged to lie across it, his torture should be excruciating. His aged parents rose in the morning,

ate their bread, and sought their evening couch, in bitter sorrow, fully believing that he must end his days in the solitary and dreadful dungeon. Was there any earthly hope for him? Under a despotic government, the details of which were carried on by mercenaries, wrongs like this were not likely to reach the monarch's ear, and if they did, what sympathy would he have with one who contumaciously withstood the warlike policy of Prussia? Yet *was* there no hope? Was that European dungeon beyond the cognizance of Him who of yore cared for the three Hebrews in the furnace, and who sent his angel to the den of lions for Daniel's deliverance? Just at this juncture a Christian Friend, accompanied by two others, all ministers of the gospel, was sent, an ambassador of the God of love and Prince of Peace, to speak the consolations of the gospel to the persecuted disciple. He told her of the expected increase of his sufferings, of his apprehension that his reason might give way, yet he was firm in his resolve not to violate his

duty to his God. Said he: "I can never fight, for my Bible tells me to love my enemies." They blended their tears and their prayers; and *she* went forth into the beautiful light of the outer world, and *he* returned to the darkness of his dismal cell. They were then led to visit the monarch who was permitted to be the arbiter of this poor youth's doom. By remarkable Providence the way was made for access to the heart of the King. The youth was pardoned, and is now a preacher of the gospel of Peace after the manner of Friends. As he meekly stands before the congregation, though nothing in himself, he is a signal monument of mercy, and an evidence of the Divine endorsement of the principles of peace.

Have faith then in your principles, first being well assured that they are right. For this end sift out and scrutinize your opinions. Scan every sentiment which you admit into your creed as part and parcel of the principles recognized by your understanding. Corner up

your ideas ! Question and cross-question them until you ascertain their parentage. ! With this habit of investigation, honestly exercised, your mind's alembic will distil from all things the pure knowledge of Truth, and leave rejected the residuum of falsehood and error and dross. But be not afraid of Truth. Join not in the popular and irrational outcry against abstract Truth. Be not intimidated by the cry of "ultraism" when in the light of Truth you have weighed your motives and scrutinized your actions. No position, no sentiment is worthy of being received by a rational being, which cannot be traced down to, and is not based *upon* an abstract Truth. And this, fairly carried out, will not change into error. Take an abstract Truth, and build upon it with nothing but Truth, and though you pile your edifice to the very sky, it is a legitimate way of "scaling the Heavens," and the catastrophe of Shinar's plain will never scatter it. Not by such a process, but only as you deviate from the right line of Truth,



can you run into ultraism. "All pure and elevated Truth" (says Professor Henry) "is of itself good, and it does good. It is of God, and it leads to God again. Without its noble inspiration we may indeed serve the turn of this world's lowest uses;—we can gain money, grow fat and die; but we are not fit for the better ends even of this life."

Have faith then in your well ascertained principles, and *choose not the time of the Tornado to revise and unsettle them.* It is a fine thing to be theoretically right,—but it is a noble thing to be practically faithful. Be right in such a manner, that, in the trial hour, men shall not have occasion to say that you might just as well have been wrong! I have known many persons with whose real convictions I had perfect sympathy, who, when the crisis called for an outspoken testimony, either were silent, or else whispered the Truth as if they only half believed it, or else conceded and compromised it away, so that honest adversaries could not re-

spect them, and the real champions of the right had to mourn for the faint-heartedness of their friends. Commend me to the man who does not think that discretion requires him, *under the peculiar circumstances of the case*, to seem to side with the wrong in hope that he may thus reserve an influence which will subserve the Truth when error shall have hanged herself with the rope which he has lent her. In many a case of wide spread delusion, involving great violations of individual and collective rights, these faint-hearted lovers of Truth, by their sins of omission, do more to advance the very thing which they abhor, than all the combined efforts of the opposition could have effected, if these had maintained their posts and prevented the very agitation they dreaded by being faithful in season. Where's the use in being right, if you act just as though you were wrong? *Have faith in your principles!*





